

THE ONCE OVER

by James W. Stinchcombe

VISITING people is a bete noire. What I mean is that this whole host, hostess-guest game is usually a draw—both sides lose. Once I read a magazine article wherein the author panned week-end parties right and left. I thought, then, that he was wrong about such affairs—the week-end, away for a change, nice people, stimulating and all that. I think, now, that he may have been right. Oh, not necessarily about the parties with a weak ending, but about the host-guest principle in general.

PRINCIPLE or practice—it makes no difference; the ideal host-guest principle is a beautiful, filmy thing which nobody has ever seen, unless semi-intoxicated. As for the practice . . . That's what I'm yapping about. Maybe you can think of some recent affair where you had a very good time (phrase of the phantoms!). But did you enjoy yourself? did you have a good time? Check back carefully. It's a 50-50 chance that you didn't! But all during the last half of the evening you were directing your thought processes (there are such things) so much toward thinking of pleasant things to say to your hostess that pretty soon nothing else was in your mind. Except maybe that that fat fellow's last joke wasn't actually funny. It's also a chance of the same mathematical proportion that four people, at least, asked you, during the evening, "Having a good time?" Soon you began to ponder over the idea, good time. People talked about it; it was the thing, even the theme. You were supposed to have one. Your hostess probably told you that she wanted you to have one. You might have had nothing more than strong coffee and weak sandwiches really; theoretically you must have had a good time.

YES, it was in the air; it was like school spirit—a mental illness. So, you see how I would vote for the good time theory. Although I never have enough money to be anybody's host, I'm not sorry. I won't be able to contribute to this horrible state. Maybe somebody'll read this, and that will settle the guest party. Anyway, here's a typical case. One of the many that have, for me, changed host to ghost and guest to pest.

I AM invited to a party. That sounds fine, I assure myself. I shall have an excellent Saturday night. I find my best tie. I take my best bath. I use that Christmas talcum. I'm all set. Aboard the street car and making for the corner where my host told me to get off (may a thousand dragons assault him). No, I couldn't miss the place. Four streets meet, as streets will, at this corner. In four directions the houses all look about the same—apartments. I remember the pioneers and start out. Time passes; pretty soon I see some stairs with my host coming down them. "Thank God!" I sigh. It'll be great to sit down somewhere. My host is just going after ginger ale. Won't I go along? I have to go. I can tell that he thinks I came early enough for dinner. We're back at the house. I'm hot, tired, bothered. He has excused himself, forgetting to take my overcoat; I flop in a chair while he goes away to borrow another. Gone is the freshness of the tub and talcum. But the party finally starts.

TO make a long story painless, kaleidoscopically: Mr. Whoosis does all the talking. Mr. Whatis all the singing. Somebody beats me to the last chocolate eclair. Host becomes quiet, looks tired, insists, "Stay and have a good time". His wife tells us it's o.k.; that he's used to getting up at seven. That's my cue. Whoosis has been sitting on my hat. Everybody laughs. My best hat. I laugh, too. Secretly call the aid of all Jupiter's colleagues. They tell me to come again sometime. They won't say when. It's just as well. They call off the dog at the front gate. That reincarnated spirit of diseased camel almost bit me. I am outside now, safe. They wave to me. I turn toward them, stand straight, face in the breeze, remember the Alamo, "I had a good time".

A LITTLE bird told me: The Student Loan Fund is what it is chiefly because of student contributions before 1906!

Notice

All students who have registered for, or intend to register for, Psychology 106 see Dr. R. H. Thomson. Her permission will be required for admission to the class.

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- ★ the courteous service . . .
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AT OUR OWN

College Cafeteria

Advisory Council to Give Affair Friday In Burk Auditorium

Mary Margaret Davis In Charge of Program For April 22

Members of the Advisory Council will give a tea April 22, under the chairmanship of Mary Margaret Davis, in the Frederic Burk Auditorium in honor of members of the faculty who have so ably assisted the council during the semester, and the newly appointed members of the council.

There will be a musical program, and Peg Carroll will entertain with several dances.

Guests to Attend

Guests of honor are: Dr. and Mrs. Alexander Roberts, Dean and Mrs. Clarence Du Four, Dean Mary Ward, Dr. and Mrs. Elias Arnesen, Dean and Mrs. David Cox, Mrs. L. Burge, Miss Florence Vance, Miss Clara Crumpton, Miss Vivian Olson, Miss Lea Reid, Miss Alice Rich, Miss Hilda Keel-Smith, Miss M. Kleinecke, Miss Hoags, Miss M. Barbour, Miss Eileen McCall, Mr. and Mrs. William Knuth, Miss Lilla McKenzie, Dr. Ruth Thompson, Marian Donaldson, Katherine Landers, Don Pryor, and Lorraine Walsh. The entire faculty will also be welcomed.

Program Planned

The reception is to be at 4:15, followed by a short program. There will be selections by a guest violinist, whose identity has not yet been disclosed, and dances and selections by a string trio. After the program, tea will be served by the hostesses, who are officers of the council.

Botany Instructor Has Artistic Soul, Displayed in Hall

Mr. Fenton may go into ecstasies over Rupert Brooke, Miss Kleinbecke read Milton beautifully, and Doctor Ethel have a secret passion for free verse; but it is Miss Lea Reid who has the soul of a true poet.

The locally renowned nature study instructor—however busy she may be watching Josephine's diet or seeing that Mr. X, the chipmunk, does not "overdo" on his little wheel—always finds time to bring a little color into the drab, dreary lives of the Anderson Hall habitues. Each week Miss Reid arrives with an armful of peninsular blooms, and carefully arranges them outside her office door. The influence is subtle but powerful. What student, trudging faithfully along to chemistry lab or botany lecture, does not feel young once more when he sights an array of blossoming color instead of the customary blank wall space?

There have been bouquets of all kinds. But Miss Reid's favorites were the pink and white clusters before the genetra of last week. "Wouldn't that make a lovely bouquet for a bride?" she sighed.

Notice

Committees are now being chosen for the summer session student affairs. As a member of the information committee, under the direction of the advisory group, the student will not only learn a great deal about the school but will become acquainted with hundreds of new students. The social committee is composed of hosts and hostesses for various social events within the student body. The work on this committee promises to be entertaining, as well as beneficial, to those taking part.

Members for the registration committee have been chosen and they have found the work most interesting and very instructive. Energetic students wishing to serve on these committees will please communicate with Sue-Ella Barnett, student body chairman.

NOTICE

Block "S" Society meeting Monday night at 7:30 in the Activities Room. Election of new officers for coming term will take place. All members must have paid dues in order to vote.

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Speaker



Dr. Lillian Moller Gilbreth will speak at the Alumni Association luncheon Saturday.

Dr. Gilbreth Is Speaker At Luncheon

Affair For Student Loan Fund: Education to Be Discussed

Ferns Studied

Miss McFadden's advanced botany classes are working on ferns. She will be glad to receive any ferns which students can bring her, thereby giving her classes the experience of identifying these ferns.

LOOKING 'em OVER

By BILL STEWART

Just wander over to Laurie's For sodas, sundries and lunch. There's where you get more for your money,

And we meet all the rest of the bunch.

When you get up a party, You need not work too hard;

Just trust all your catering To Louis M. Rugaard.

For all occasions, For every time and place,

Send flowers from the Quality Flower Shop.

It's the trump card and the ace.

There's a place that's convenient and modern,

A place, too, where everything fits;

If you live at the Hotel El Drisco It's easy to "put on the Ritz".

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EXCHANGE

A graduate student at Stanford found a tandem bicycle while prying around in the depths of some basement storage rooms. Since no record was found of its storage, the student claimed the bicycle by right of discovery, and he is now able to go riding with fair members of Stanford's "500" without patronizing the gasoline trust.

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Members for the registration committee have been

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Political Fraternities Discussed Pro And Con For State

By Kirk L. Truman

A short time ago an editorial was run in the *Golden Gater* which dealt with fraternities organized for political ends. The inference was that by securing a large number of their members as student body office holders, such fraternities could assume a domineering position in college activities. The favorable aspect of such a condition, if it is a true condition, is that it shows an admirable interest in our student government. The fraternity candidates, if they had been elected, would have indubitably been capable. It is possible that some of them were elected. The unfavorable aspect of such an organization is that it too truthfully illustrates how history, especially political history, repeats itself—"mechanically, like an idiot."

The discovery of such a group of budding politicians was made accidentally a few days before the recent election. The point which aroused criticism and led to eventual flaying of the group, was the fact that secrecy surrounded the existence of the fraternity. To all indications, the members were running for office independently of each other. Actually, there was organization, dependency, and log-rolling. They did not consider the fact that out-and-out log-rolling would be acceptable, if not overdone; instead, they insisted upon the conventional attempt for secrecy.

It is possible that the entire political-fraternity question is overinflated and puffed up to resemble a real issue. It is also possible that the fraternities themselves have intentions strictly honorable. Without condemning completely the organizations which seem to exist solely for the purpose of getting offices for members, it is at the same time possible to faintly air a suspicion.

John Ruskin, Reformer

In 1860, John Ruskin was forty years old and the world's foremost art critic, having wealth, fame and, to all appearances, happiness.

But the author of "The King of the Golden River" saw fit to declare that the first forty years of his life had been practically wasted. So he spent the rest of it in the work of "Humanity-building," which some people call social reform. He gave away his inheritance and most of his earnings. To the workingmen of England he wrote letters, advising them how to live usefully and well, and how to liberate themselves from the shackles of the industrialism which was making machines of them. He pleaded with the polite and moneyed class to be less inhumane in their exactions upon their workers. He persuaded many university men to give up athletics and other relatively insignificant pursuits, to do something for the oppressed England of that day. He attacked the English capitalist in a long series of books that for sheer beauty of

style and penetration of analysis are quite unequal, in their field, in any language.

He gave a new name to gold. He declared that money that was used to enrich the few at the cost of the lives of the many was "Illi". One of his most well-known pronouncements was that that nation is wealthiest which has the largest number of happy and noble human beings as their citizens.

Ruskin was a professor at Oxford—a professor of art—but probably was not especially proud of the title in itself; for he knew that he had no reason to be. He knew personally many a learned scholar who, for all his cap and gown, was yet hardly more than a parasite, inasmuch as England's ignorant and exploited were practically without champions; and the men in question apparently cared not in the least about it.

He knew, this wise and good man, that the schools of America and England, then as now, were simply going through an elaborate and roundabout process of failing the world.

Education

"Let our schools teach the nobility of labor and the beauty of human service. Education for all the people is America's noblest contribution to civilization. No man can leave a richer legacy to the world than a well-educated family."

"Culture is the power of appreciating life and making life worth appreciating. The world is upheld by the veracity of good men. They make the earth wholesome. Ignorance is the curse of God; knowledge, the wing wherewith we fly to Heaven. The teacher, whether mother, priest, or schoolmaster, is the real maker of history."

"Democratic government can be predicated only on universal education. Learn some useful art that you may be independent of the caprice of fortune. It is not in ignorance but in enlightenment that contentment will be found."

Speech Figures

"Age-old wisdom and mysticism wrapped in the mummified coverings of centuries is discarding its impediments to meet the onslaught of modern civilization"; "Midget Nippon has infuriated the Yellow Giant"; "The slumbering dragon has turned to resist the rays of the ever-rising sun"—these sentences were among those received by Miss Mary L. Kleinecke, professor of English, after she had required her English 102 class to compose figures of speech about the Japanese-Chinese conflict.

Many unusual comparisons were turned in, as, for instance, "A cold pot of rice has boiled over"; "Japan as a leech is sucking China's blood." There were several references to "the roused dragon" and to "the blood-red sun." Then, too, there were the flowery expressions, "Cherry blossoms are falling and seeking by pressure to eliminate tea fields"; and, "Chinese dragons and Japanese cherry blossoms in conflict make a paradoxical picture of incongruity."

Good Grades

In a recent interview with Mr. Ascher, the subject of good grades was brought up. It has been Mr. Ascher's experience that good grades are an asset to the teacher who is applying for a job.

"Many principals, and other people who are concerned with the hiring of teachers, accept the idea that the person who has consistently received high grades is the person who has intelligence and has been willing to direct that intelligence toward his studies. On the other hand, a person whose grades are only 'average' does not receive much consideration. There are too many more able candidates to choose from."

Mr. Ascher himself does not believe that grades are an "infallible" index of intelligence and ability. However, the idea he advanced is that many important people do stress grades.

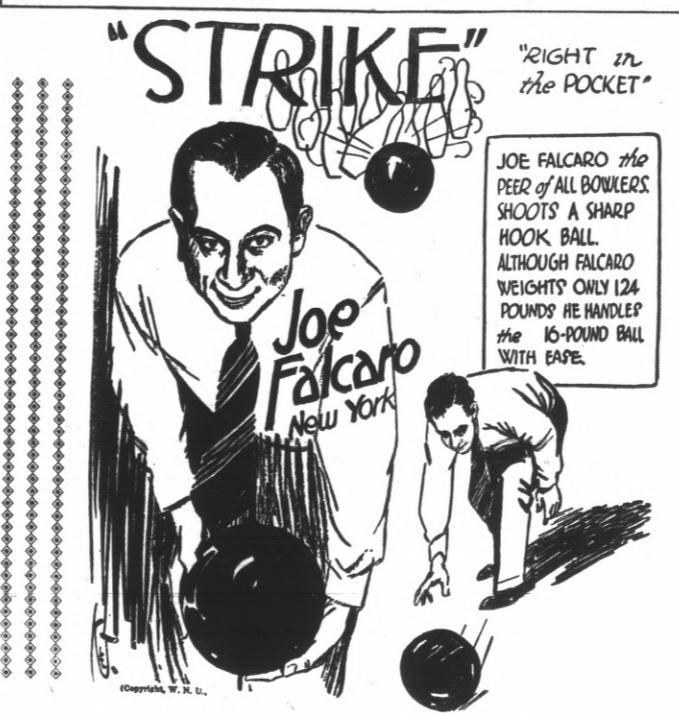
Health Needed

A good many students try to earn their living and carry regular programs, according to a faculty member at State. These programs are devised for two hours' home preparation for every unit of work. If a student has a program of 16½ units, he should spend 33 hours a week besides the lecture period on that work. This is impossible if a student is working after school.

From the latest investigations, many physicians feel that the method of living, the mode of eating, and the amount of rest have a great deal to do with the vigor and freedom of an individual. More and more, physicians are coming to question patients as to their mode of living during high school and college life.

Although students, by taking a lighter program, may lengthen their time in college to a certain degree, they are well being in their most productive time of life. Sixteen and one-half units is the program planned for the normal healthy student.

Topnotchers by Ket



Odds and Ends of Yesteryear

Cost of Girl's Clothing Is Object of Survey; Jokes of Past Years, Still In Use, Bring Laughs

Co-Eds' Costs Plenty

Even if college girls were to wear only so much as they do, it would still take plenty of money for clothes! This is the conclusion reached by a survey committee at the University of California at Los Angeles, which went on to declare that the cost of dressing a modern co-ed ranges between \$96 and \$519 a year.

These figures are taken from inventories prepared by a representative group of students in the home economics department, who are beginning a three-year study of dress costs for the purpose of preparing budgets to guide college women. At the beginning of the course the students listed their complete wardrobe, giving the cost and present condition of each garment.

The inventory is divided into the following classifications: Protective garments, outer garments, shoes and stockings, hats, and accessories.

Old But New
 "Did you ever see Oliver Twist?"
 "Hush, child, you know I never attend college dances."

Prof.: "What is a vacuum?"
 Frosh: "I have it in my head but I can't exactly explain it."

Eunice: "They say absence makes the heart grow fonder."
 Helen: "Fake. I tried it on Miss Hale."

What about the absent-minded professor who rolled under the dresser and waited for his collar button?

Suitor: "I have come about your daughter's hand."

Father: "James, tell Miss Louise the manicurist is here."

Red: "The Lord made us women beautiful and dumb."
 Blue: "Howzat?"

Red: "Beautiful so the men would love us, and dumb so we'd love the men."

Teacher: "Your reports must be written over so that even the most ignorant can understand them."

One of them: "Yes, ma'am. What part is it you don't understand?"

Traveler: "When I was in China I saw a woman hanging from a tree."
 Home body: "Shanghai?"
 Traveler: "Oh, about six feet."

Tea: "What line did you take to Europe last summer?"

Dansant: "Oh, the same one I use around here all the time."

Red: "The Lord made us women beautiful and dumb."

Blue: "Howzat?"

Red: "Beautiful so the men would love us, and dumb so we'd love the men."

T - N - T

Dear T.N.T.—
 Can't something be done about the cheating in social science 8B? Bringing in two bluebooks, in one of which all the necessary facts have been written has raised the class average to such heights that hard-working students of average intelligence who are handicapped by honesty can't get more than a "C".

Yours for justice and equality.

Bulletin Board Wanted

Dear T.N.T.—
 The depression is on—how about a bulletin board so that we may sell our books?

Next term we will need some legal tender to buy the textbooks for our courses. Where is it going to come from? If we turn in our books we will not receive any returns for some time. I suggest that a bulletin board be erected on the east wall downstairs near the library so that the students may put up notices for book sales.

—BROKE.

Dear T.N.T.—
 How does it happen that the members of the faculty at State are almost always conspicuous by their absence from any student body activity? I refer in particular to the campaign rally held last week in the Fredric Burk Auditorium. Couldn't they make even a small effort to cooperate with us? If they would even send one representative to each function sponsored by the student body it would be an improvement over present conditions.

—ACTIVITIES SUPPORTER.

Fi on Thee, Gossips

Dear T.N.T.—
 I take time off from studying to write this desperate note. I am furious! Wild!

In the library I sit trying to study for an examination for this afternoon. On the other side of the desk sit two—not freshmen—women who continually "gab" and "gossip". The only thing for me to do is move because these careless people insist on talking. Why should we have to find a quiet spot in the library when the entire library

should be kept in perfect order?

I hope the right persons see this and take heed.

Thank you, T.N.T., —DESPERADO".

Answers Wanted

Dear T.N.T.—
 Would it be possible for you to answer each T.N.T. that appears in the paper? The students seemed to enjoy the answers written by you and I, for one, would like to see it continued.

—T.N.T. ENTHUSIAST.

Good Idea—If!!

Dear T.N.T.—
 Why not set off a room for the women where they can smoke in peace. As it is now, if the women want to smoke they have to do it on some remote corner. So let's give the gals a break and "locate" them.

Sincerely,
 —SMOKE-MINDED".

Faculty Needed

Dear T.N.T.—
 How does it happen that the members of the faculty at State are almost always conspicuous by their absence from any student body activity? I refer in particular to the campaign rally held last week in the Fredric Burk Auditorium. Couldn't they make even a small effort to cooperate with us? If they would even send one representative to each function sponsored by the student body it would be an improvement over present conditions.

—ACTIVITIES SUPPORTER.

STATISTICS: Statistician Miriam Snider reports, after consuming six aspirin

Modern Girl Has Intelligence; Not As Bad As Said

The modern girl is really not so bad. She is pictured by century-old reformers to be a conspicuous piece of humanity, with no sense of any kind. It is said of her that when she turns snob, she carries it to an extreme; if she is friendly, that too, goes to an extreme. She doesn't wear enough clothes; she smokes so much that she smells stale. She goes out on wild parties and doesn't come home until the wee hours of the morning. The longer she stays out, the smarter she thinks she is. If she does something queer, she starts a fad.

The modern girl is not so bad as all that. The modern "gal" might appear to be happy-go-lucky, with no sense; but underneath her frivolity, she *must* have some intelligence—look what she accomplishes. She likes to outfit her friends, so she says she came home later than she really did. Of course the modern girl has her faults—plenty of them—but her faults are inconspicuous when we look at those of the old reformers who go around protesting against our youth and condemning it because it finds happiness in living.

one of a hundred offices. She often supports parents, or brothers and sisters. The modern girl is really very clever. She can plan to do many things in a short time, while our grandmothers needed the whole day for one accomplishment. True, we are living in an age of faster transportation and of more conveniences; but then, don't we expect too much more, proportionately, from our modern girl? When she goes on a wild party, it isn't so wild as she pretends. She likes to outfit her friends, so she says she came home later than she really did. Of course the modern girl has her faults—plenty of them—but her faults are inconspicuous when we look at those of the old reformers who go around protesting against our youth and condemning it because it finds happiness in living.

Pre-Registration Praised

State students are to be congratulated on the splendid spirit shown this semester regarding promptness in pre-registration. Never in the history of State has there been such a display of promptness shown by the students in re-enrolling for the following term. Nearly one-half of the student body have already made their decision concerning their return next semester, and it is up to you other students to follow suit. Miss Clara Crumpton and her corps of assistants have been kept busy these last few days checking programs and helping various students with their troubles.

State's curriculum will be enlarged considerably this coming semester, and students

should take advantage of this good fortune by enrolling in many of the courses which have not heretofore been given, but which are essential for graduation. Many students who are at present enrolled here at State will not be with us next term due to deficiency in their present work—unless they make a decided change for the best within the next two weeks. Remember, it is not too late as yet to be able to bring that "D" to a respectable "C", thus insuring return next year. Regardless of present grades, all students should therefore re-enroll and make sure that a place will be saved for them.

Miss Crumpton wishes to thank those who so ably assisted in the pre-registration work.

Workers Herald

Little has been said heretofore about students who are working their way through college. They take the same courses as those students who do not work, and in the long run they get better grades. They are compelled to do their homework after working hours; and nine times out of ten, they turn in better papers to their instructors than those who have plenty of time to spend on homework. To be sure, there is only a small number who work. Nevertheless, that minority deserves some credit for the great ambition shown. Now it is up to the students who do not work after school to get a little initiative, and do some work while they are here. Perhaps it would encourage faculty members, and perhaps it would end much worrying on the part of faculty advisors. However, it would bring up grades and tend to make student minds a great deal easier. We are inclined to think that it would do something toward stopping this evident baldness that seems to be coming on when we find our fellow men worrying too much.

Again, we should like to take off our hats to the worthy students who are attempting to make the grade by working here, and outside; and we wish them all the success we know they deserve.

Baker's Oven Babbles On

By Dan C. Baker

A LA JAMES JOYCE: Because of its having been censored, the book, "Ulysses", by James Joyce, which records all the thoughts passing through a man's mind in twenty-four hours, is not well known by the majority of book readers. However, Baker's Oven scores again with an imitation "just as good" as most imitations (which is, as you know, not necessarily favorably comparable). We present the thoughts that fitted through our mind while singing a solo in a recent college production: "I wonder who that bald-headed man is in the fourth row . . . What would happen if I suddenly stopped singing and started shouting about the need for revolution? . . . What are those two girls laughing about, I wonder? . . . Will I remember all the words to this song? . . . What becomes of old opera singers, the mediocre ones, I mean? . . . What was the name of that girl at Old Orchard Beach last summer? . . . Those people sitting in the last row wish that I'd stop holding up the show. . . . I wonder where the Lindbergh baby will be found. . . .

"Whoopie! Here's the end of the song, and now for a good drink of water as soon as I get off the stage. . . . Listen to them applaud . . . probably just because it's customary to do so. . . . They applaud because I'm through, I'll bet . . . and after all, it went pretty fairly, I guess, although I can't remember anything about it. . . ."

—Aileen Alderson: Wife of a successful bond salesman; to be seen driving around in a sporty car, dressed in the latest fashion.</p